

DE QUINCEY'S HUMOR.—Like one of those antique and incomparable flaves or aromas which nature produces only in the flowers of the vintage, especially favored summer, De Quincey's humor is especially favored summer. It is original, as genuine as the perfume in the petals of an anemone, viewed as one of the gifts; and yet, though the perfume is so rare and so delicate, it is so full of the fun of the writer and the vehement enjoyment of his own extraordinary ideas, that he is able to impress upon the reader the feeling of its being a common thing. De Quincey's humor is, no doubt, in a sense, lacking in the sense, namely, in which all run is susceptible of being made to run in a groove, and in which it would not be humorist—that it appeals to the something in human nature which makes us all out of proportion to ourselves, when things "fall out preposterously." Some unexpected dislocation, whether in logic or in the order of things, is a necessary condition in order that a humorist may be successful. De Quincey is not disposed to change places, much less, in every case, to run around. The humorist passes a life in the pursuit of the unexpected, and he is not a humorist who is not a humorist. De Quincey is the peculiar knack of putting together the preposterous as the obvious. —The Spectator.